

M. Chalmers

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

DOING penance publicly in churches is not yet at an end, for we learn that in a church in the Black Isle, Ross-shire, on a recent Sunday, a woman, who had been guilty of transgressing a commandment, was condemned to the "cutty stool," and sat during the whole service with a black shawl thrown over her head.

A TRAVELLER gives a somewhat interesting account of Baron de Lesseps, who, seventy years old, is still young, and contemplates grand designs. With black eyebrows and moustache, but white beard, he is a most noticeable man. His house is full of gifts from great persons. He says: "I do not care for riches, and I have no wants; all I wish is that my children may grow up and prosper. I satisfy myself with the hope that they will get on in life, proud of their father, and happy to continue his work, which is that of humanity and civilisation."

IN reference to the execution, a few days ago in London, of a Jew, the *Jewish Chronicle* remarks:—"But the late execution has incidentally taught us yet another lesson. The unfortunate man, it has been shown, died penitent. Now, the ministers who brought him religious consolation could not have held out to him any assurance of divine pardon on the easy terms of his repentance and faith in the blood shed on Calvary. All they could have done was to have pointed to the boundless mercy of Him who alone is able to weigh all circumstances which led to the crime and to judge accordingly." We would not disparage penitence or repentance in view of death, but we cannot help remembering the saying of an old and distinguished minister, that nineteen of twenty who had promised, in serious sickness, to live a better life if restored, kept not that promise. We venture to think Jews and Gentiles are much the same, and ought to trust to something better than death bed repentance.

PURE hot water is a useful drink, promotes digestion and supersedes aperient medicines. It should not be lukewarm, for that is disagreeable and nauseating, but as hot as it can be borne pleasantly. Water at 120 deg. is very pleasant. If plain hot water by itself be disliked, a slip of dried orange-peel, a little ginger, a few drops of essence of ginger, or a few grains of grated nutmeg may be added; or a teaspoonful (per tumbler) of the concentrated infusion of orange-peel, which all chemists sell. One of our leading physicians has recently written the above hints.

A FEW weeks ago one of our ministers made a somewhat perilous statement for a minister who may wish the people to leave their homes on a Sunday to hear his sermons. It appears he was charged with neglecting to visit his flock, and he replied that it was not likely that he would leave the company of Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and such like spirits, to visit their homes to hear tittle-tattle. We guess hereafter some one may reply that he does not like to leave his home to listen to discourses compared with the company of Homer, &c., such preaching might be called poor literary stuff, indeed. But it will be always remembered by the devout and Christian spirit, that our services are to foster the religious life, and encourage benevolent efforts. The papers of the current month report a statement of a clergyman a little more fortunate, but still unwise. It appears he was in the habit, as soon as he got into the pulpit, of placing his sermon in a crevice under the cushion, where he left it during the singing of the accustomed psalm. The other Sunday he pushed the sermon-book too far into the crevice, and lost it. When the psalm was concluded, he called the clerk to bring him a Bible. The clerk, somewhat astonished at this unusual request, brought him a Bible, as he was desired. The clergyman opened it, and thus addressed his congregation—"My brethren, I have lost my sermon; but I will read you a chapter in Job worth ten of it." This will not be soon forgotten.

OPPOSITION, and even calumny and persecution, will not cast down a man of fixed purpose, determined to fulfil a mission. If you would make a man stronger in the confidence and support of his friends, only oppose him, wrong him, oppress him, do anything that envy or ill-will may dictate. He is the stronger for it, and his friends will stick the closer to him. We find this illustrated in the biography of Van Buren. When a candidate for a certain office, he returned at one time to his house, and found his wife weeping over a bitter personal attack upon him in one of the newspapers. "Why, my dear," said this political sage of Kinderhook, "I paid fifty dollars to have that printed."

MOST of our readers may have heard that the late Mr. George Moore came to London a poor boy, succeeded in business, and during his life-time assigned to charitable objects nearly a quarter of a million of money. It is said a brother of his, a Cumberland farmer, is what is termed a "character," and always "prophesied" that "Georgie" would come to the work-house. When on a visit to town he called at the city premises of his brother's firm the invariable query was, "Is our Georgie in?" and, after attending the funeral, on his being wanted to hear the will read, the legatee to £20,000 was discovered at work on the top of a hay rick. Friends are now proposing to build a monument in London to this good man and successful merchant.

"Praises on tombs are words but vainly spent;

A man's own deeds are his best monument."

A BOSTON clergyman, at a recent temperance meeting, told the following story, remarking that he knew the parties referred to:—"In one of the Canadian cities, a few years ago, a young lawyer became addicted to habits of intemperance, and finally got so low that he fell down drunk in a public street, and lay there with the sun pouring upon his face. A young lady, a stranger to him, passing by, took pity upon him and covered his face with her handkerchief. When he came to his senses, and was told of the act of kindness, he was so affected by it that he said he would thereafter be a temperate man. He took the pledge, and soon became a promising man in his profession. Not long after he was introduced to the young lady who had done him that act of kindness, and afterwards married her. The parties are living happily together, and the young lawyer is now the Attorney-General of one of the Canadian provinces."

THE Indian papers give an account of a grand Brahmo marriage. It will be in the recollection of some of our readers that Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen did much when in England to get the Act of 1872, which enables the Brahmos of India to perform marriage ceremonies. As this is the grandest affair ever known among our Brahmo friends, a few particulars may interest our readers. The bridegroom was Babu Kailash Chandra Nundy, a young man of respectable parentage, of liberal education, of firmness and strength of character, a severe and zealous Brahmo; and the bride Bogala Sundari, one of the best pupils of the adult female school. The arrangements were befitting the occasion. Rows of light shedding a bright effulgence all round lined the way from the entrance to the inner hall. Beautiful arches of green leaves bedecked with flowers served as entrances of welcome to invited friends. A large canopy overspread the courtyard. Lamps and chandeliers of different forms and sizes hung waving in the air. When all took their seats, the bridegroom, followed by his friends, entered and took his seat on the right side of the *vedi*. The bride, richly dressed and ornamented, followed soon after and took her seat on the left. The glitter of the gold and the sheen of the purple added a lustre to the beauty of the bride. The extreme modesty, the good grace, the fine disposition, the sweet amiability of the bride enhanced the beauty of her personal charms, which we are happy to say was outshone by the beauty of the simplicity of her mind. All preliminary arrangements having been ready, Babu Bungo Chundro Ray mounted the *vedi* and commenced the usual service, which was gone through with due reverence and solemnity. Reading of appropriate texts from the Hindoo Shastras formed also a part of the service, which over, the brother of the bride presented her with expressions fraught with feeling and affection, after which the usual vows were exchanged, the bride's hand was placed on that of the bridegroom, a garland of flowers wound round their hands, and the nuptial knot which was to bind them for life was tied at last. The ceremonial was conducted by Babu Gour Govinda Ray, a missionary of the Brahmo Somaj of India, who was helped by Babu Sen. The minister then reminded the married couple of the new duties and responsibilities which devolved upon them on their entering a new life. A beautiful song composed by a friend for the occasion was then sung by the preceptors of the Brahmo Somaj. A prayer and benediction closed the ceremonies of the evening.

A VESTRY CHAT.—Some time ago one of our ministers went to preach in a northern town. It was at a time of the year when the weather was cold. On entering the vestry of the church a few minutes before the Morning Service, he observed a vest and black silk gown hanging before the fire to warm. When the organ began to play, the official attendant came into the vestry and offered to aid the minister in donning the gown, but he quietly objected, saying, "Thank you, we will dispense with the gown to-day." The man looked amazed at this statement, urging it was the custom, and ought therefore to be used. The minister, in reply to this, said: "He should not feel comfortable with it on, and, therefore, must be excused for declining to wear it." The attendant pressing the matter no further, laid down the gown, and then said in broad northern dialect, "Vary weel, vary weel, there's far ower mony puts a cloak on."

TEACHERS often think the children of their classes too young to enter into the experiences of religious thought. "I was teaching a class of little girls," said a friend, "and remarked that the most of their troubles, which caused them some distress now, would be seen hereafter when they [had grown a little older, in their proper light, and then be thought of as real good things which had happened them instead of evils." As I have always encouraged questions, a little girl said to me, "When you grow a little older will those things which trouble you now be seen as real, good things which have happened to you?" I said, "No doubt." But the understanding of this child is exceeded by what we read the other day. "An old schoolmaster said to a clergyman who came to examine his school, 'I believe the children know their catechism word for word.' 'But do they understand it? that is the question,' said the clergyman. The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy repeated the fifth commandment—'Honour thy father and thy mother'—and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper, 'Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet; and the gentlemen saw that they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could.' The clergyman then looked very much pleased, and the good old schoolmaster only said, 'God gives us his grace and blessing.'"

A SECRET WORTH REMEMBERING. — "I am seventy-five," said Dean Milman, when he was staying with the Duke of Argyll ten years ago; "but I am at work every morning at seven o'clock. It has been the habit of my life. I count the morning hours, when the body and mind are fresh from sleep, the most precious of the day for studying and learning; and it is chiefly to those hours that I owe my knowledge and my position in life." Dean Swift used to say that he never knew any man attain eminence who was in the habit of lying in bed in a morning.

WE were amused the other day in reading that there are churches, however bad the preacher, which cannot, it appears, be emptied. A new prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Weel, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane!"

WE generally hear of Barnum in the character of a great showman. The American papers report his speech as chairman at a Methodist festival (Barnum himself is, we believe, a Universalist); his speech contains much good sense and good humour. He said: "Mr. Wesley's rules prohibiting the wearing of gold and costly apparel and for building plain chapels without steeples contained the very essence of a proper economy, which if universally followed, together with his rule for contracting no debts, would always save us from panics and hard times. What a happy community this would be in these days of financial trouble, if we were all practical Methodists. Were I to live my life over again, I would, so far as abolishing extravagance is concerned, be a Methodist or a Quaker. I don't know whether a broad brim and drab clothes would become me, but I am sure we should find more comfort and less care in such a mode of living. We should then be able to adopt the wise maxim of the wealthy, plain-living Wesleyan of Manchester, England, which maxim is now inscribed on his tomb in Peel Park in that city, reading, 'My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions but in the fewness of my wants.'"

HER TRAIN; AND WHAT IT COST HER.

At the time when the first open court of law was established in Russia, a lady, dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm, and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dust and dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of his spurs in the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madame," said the officer, with a polite bow, and then was about passing on, when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"You have insulted my wife."

"Nothing was farther from my intention, sir. Your wife's long dress is to blame for the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to hasten on.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady, with her head thrown back, in a spirited way. "To-day is the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost two hundred roubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madame, I beg you not to detain me. I am obliged to go on duty at once. As to the two hundred roubles—I really cannot help the length of your dress, yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are obliged to go on duty is nothing to us. My wife is right; the dress must be made good."

The officer's face grew pale.

"You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"Pay the two hundred roubles and you are free."

The quickly changing colour in the young man's face betrayed how inwardly disturbed he was; but stepping close up to them both, he said, with apparent self-command,

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a—a—poor man,

who has nothing to live on but his officer's pay, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches the sum of two hundred roubles in a whole year. I can, therefore, make no amends for the misfortune, except begging your pardon."

"Oh! anybody could say all that; but we'll see if it's true; we'll find out if you have nothing but your pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money," persisted the lady, in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true—you are right," the husband added, dutifully supporting her. "By good luck we have the open court now just in session. Go with us before the judge, and he will decide the matter."

All further protestation on the officer's part that he was poor, that he was expected on duty, and so forth, did not help matters. Out of respect for his uniform, and to avoid an open scene, he had to go with them to the court room, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

After waiting some time, the lady had leave to bring her complaint.

"What have you to answer to this complaint?" said the judge, turning to the officer, who seemed embarrassed, and half in despair.

"On the whole, very little. As the lateness of the hour, and being required on duty, compelled me to hurry, I did not notice this lady's train, which was dragging on the ground. I caught one of my spurs in it, and had the misfortune to tear her dress. Madame would not receive my excuses, but perhaps now she might find herself more disposed to forgiveness, when I again declare, so help me God, that I committed this awkward blunder without any mischievous intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

A murmur ran through the gallery, evidently from the people taking sides with the defendant, and against long trains in general, and the lady in particular.

The judge called to order, and asked,

"Are you satisfied with the defendant's explanation?"

"Not at all satisfied, I demand 200 roubles in payment for my dress."

"Defendant, will you pay this sum?"

"I would have paid it long before this had I been in a position to do so. Unfortunately I am poor. My pay as an officer is all I have to live on."

"You hear, complainant, that the defendant is not able to pay the sum you demand of him. Do you still wish the complaint to stand?"

An unbroken stillness reigned throughout the hall, and the young officer's breath could be heard coming hard.

"I wish it to stand. The law shall give me my rights."

There ran through the rows of people a murmur of indignation that sounded like a rushing of water.

"Consider, complainant, the consequences of your demand. The defendant can be punished only through being deprived of his personal liberty, and by that you could obtain no satisfaction, while to the defendant it might prove the greatest injury in his rank and position as an officer, and especially as he is an officer who is poor and dependent upon his pay. Do you still insist upon your complaint?"

"I still insist upon it."

The course the affair was taking seemed to have become painful to the lady's husband. He spoke with his wife urgently, but, as could be seen by the way she held up her head, and the energy with which she shook it, quite uselessly.

The judge was just going on to further consideration of the case, when a loud voice was heard from the audience.

"I will place the two hundred roubles at the use of the defendant."

There followed a silence, during which a gentleman forced his way through the crowd, and placed himself by the young officer's side.

"Sir, I am the Prince W——, and beg you will oblige me by accepting the loan of the two hundred roubles in question."

"Prince, I am not worthy of your kindness, for I don't know if I shall ever be able to pay the loan," answered the young man, tremulous with emotion.

"Take the money, at all events. I

can wait until you are able to return it."

Thereupon the prince held out two notes of a hundred roubles each, and coming close up to him, whispered a few words very softly.

There was a sudden lighting up of the officer's face. He immediately took up the two notes, and turning towards the lady, handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope you are satisfied."

With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for the money.

"Yes; *now* I am satisfied."

With a scornful glance over the crowd of spectators, she prepared to leave the court-room, on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madame," said the officer, who had suddenly become like another man, with a firm and confident manner.

"What do you want?"

The look that the young woman cast upon him was as insulting as possible.

"I want my dress," he answered, with a slight, but still perfectly polite bow.

"Give me your address, and I will send it to you."

"Oh, no, my dear madame, I am in the habit of taking my purchases with me at once. Favour me with the dress immediately."

A shout of approbation came from the gallery.

"Order!" cried the judge.

"What an insane demand!" said the lady's husband. "My wife cannot undress herself here."

"I have nothing to do with *you*, sir, in this matter, but only with the complainant. Be so good, madame, as to give me the dress immediately. I am in a great hurry; my affairs are urgent, and I cannot wait a moment longer."

The pleasure of the audience at the expense of the lady increased with every word, until it was hard to enforce any approach to quiet, so that either party could be heard.

"Do not jest any more about it. I will hurry, and send you the dress as soon as possible."

"I am not jesting. I demand from the representative of the law, my own property—that dress," said the officer, raising his voice.

The judge thus appealed to, decided promptly.

"The officer is right, madame. You are obliged to hand him over the dress on the spot."

"I can't undress myself here before these people, and go home without any dress on," said the young woman, with anger and tears.

"You should have thought of that sooner. Now you have no time to lose. Either give up that dress of your own accord, or—"

A nod that could not be misinterpreted brought to the lady's side two officers of justice, who seemed about to take upon themselves the office of my lady's maid.

"Take your money back, and leave me my dress!"

"Oh, no, madame; that dress is now worth more than two hundred roubles to me."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Two thousand roubles," said the officer, firmly.

"I will pay the sum," the weeping lady's husband responded, promptly. "I have here five hundred roubles. Give me pen and paper, and I will write an order upon my banker for the remaining fifteen hundred."

After he had written the draft, the worthy pair withdrew, amidst hisses from the audience.

Query: Did the lady ever again let her train sweep the street?

DYING THOUGHTS.

God does not need my work,
And so he takes me to another sphere,
Full long my soul hath known
And felt that there was no place for me
here.

I've tried so many paths,
So many ways to do God's work, in vain;
I have but tried to fail,
And given up each time with yet more
pain.

And now my day is past;
But who can say? In that world more
than fair,
Perchance the dear Lord hath.
Some work prepared and waiting for me
there!

M. R.

A UNITARIAN'S REASONS.

(Letter written by a Young Lady, of Fifteen Years of age, to a Friend.)

You have often, I dare say, wondered, my dear ———, that when at church with you, I have not, like you and others, followed the service with that earnestness and devotion which religion inspires to those who believe in the words of the minister. To those, however, who do not feel the truth of the words pronounced in divine service, it is impossible to be edified by them; such is the case with me. I have assisted at the service of your church, and have been able to judge, as far as my poor opinion will go, and compare it with the one which, if I was able, I should certainly attend. The foundations of your belief and mine are as different as night and day; for you must know I am a Unitarian. My belief is founded on Unity, whilst your basis is Trinity, which yet is to form Unity. How is this to be? Your Unity must be composed; but if composed, it is no longer Unity, and yet you will not say that it is Trinity. Nature herself shows you a good proof of my meaning. A substance which is composed of small particles will appear as Unity, but as it is composed and can be undone, it is *not* Unity. The particles of which it was formed, and which cannot be decomposed, are in themselves Unity. According to this, then, the three Beings which you worship must be worshipped separately as Unities, or altogether as a mass, but which is not to be called Unity, as it is not one, but composition, if I may use the word. This you will not, however, allow, but say you worship Unity. Composed Unity is *not* Unity, and it is this mystery, as you perhaps call it, that renders your religion complicated and impossible to be understood. For although you believe in it, you cannot comprehend clearly that which is against all laws of nature. Why should religion, which is the consolation for every one in sorrow, the balm for those who are afflicted, the hope for those who have sinned, be complicated and mysterious? Nature, which is the best guide, teaches the savage to adore one invisible and

great Spirit,—the child, in its infancy and untaught, to kneel and pray to God our Almighty Father to forgive him his little errors, and to keep him good and happy. But tell this child that the Father he is praying to is composed of three Persons, and yet is only one Being, and he will ask for an explanation; the answer of which will leave him unsatisfied and puzzling his little brain to find out how three Beings can be but one. When he will kneel to pray, his ardour will be diminished; for now, instead of addressing himself to his Father as he did before, and confiding in him as his Protector, he must pray to a mysterious Being composed of three persons. His heart will always incline, notwithstanding, to his former Father, and until the time when he will be brought to worship the Deity of his parents, he will be a Unitarian. Instead, then, of viewing the wonders of nature as the work of one great and almighty God, we must regard them as done by three Beings, the Father having no more power than the Son and Holy Ghost.

You suppose that the Almighty Father made himself man to come among us as Jesus Christ; this is saying that, not having power to inspire any one for the accomplishment of this holy mission, he was obliged to take it upon himself. Where can you show that our Saviour says that he is the Lord [God Almighty]? On the contrary, you will find that he says in the Gospel, St. Matthew, chap. v. 48, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matthew, chap. vii. 21, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Would he not have said, Be ye as perfect as I am, if he had been the Father himself? On the Mount of Olives, you also find that he prays to his Father. His resurrection was meant to show us, that as he rose, so should we also rise; but if he was God, there is no hope for us; for we are not gods, and therefore have not the Divine power. His rising would then appear as if to show us his power as God, and our insignificance, instead of

giving us hope. I know you will immediately, to show me that Christ *was* God, tell me to refer to St. John, chap. xiv. 11, where it is said, "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me;" and, verse 9, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In this I understand, that as God gifted him with the divine spirit to accomplish his mission, he was in relation with our Lord, who was a visible representative of his goodness to men; and therefore he who had seen Jesus Christ had seen his Father's kindness personified in him. Had Christ been the Lord [God Almighty], he would not have spoken of his Father.

I have now told you, as well as I can, the difference that exists in the basis of your belief and mine, showing that I worship Unity in one great, good and almighty Father, who sent his Son among us, which Son was Jesus Christ, the missionary from God to men.
—*Christian Reformer* of 1843.

DIVINE TRUST.

"O THOU most present in our paths
When least thy steps we see!
Amid these wrecks of earthly hopes
I breathe my prayer to Thee.

"What though this house thy hand has
built
Must in these ruins fall!
My soul shall rise, sustained by Thee,
Serene above them all.

"And pain, which in the long, long hours,
Keeps on by night and day,
Through these fast crumbling walls to Thee
Finds a new opening way;

"For through the rents already made
I see thy glorious face,
And songs unheard by mortal ears
Chant thy redeeming grace.

"Oh! build anew this mortal frame,
And make it serve Thee still,
Or make these ministries of pain
Their blessed end fulfil,

"That, held and chastened by thy hand
I yet may come to Thee,
Subdued and ripened for the work
Of immortality.

"For there, upon the immortal shores,
The throngs in white array
Come from these ministries of pain
To serve Thee night and day."

E. H. SEARS.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

IN a former number of our journal, we have described the character of Miss Dorothea Dix, who in early life through the influence of Doctor Channing, whose church she attended, consecrated herself to the work of lessening the fearful sorrows of lunacy. The following brave act we have heard, and it deserves to be known:—

"Are you not afraid," said a friend to Miss Dix, "to travel over the country alone?"

"I am naturally timid," she replied, "and diffident, like all my sex; but, in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers.

"It is true that I have been, in my travels through the various States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, 'Give me the pistols, I will take care of them.' He did so reluctantly.

"In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horses by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor-houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate or in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some.' While thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale. 'My God,' he exclaimed; 'that voice!' and immediately told me he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing to some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognised my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the out-

rage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, 'I will give you something to support you until you get into honest employment.' He declined, at first, taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment."

Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols, in all probability they would have been used by the driver, and perhaps both of them murdered. "That voice," was more powerful in subduing the heart of a robber, than the sight of a brace of pistols.

Dr. Livingstone's experience, in his wanderings through the most savage parts of Africa, was exactly parallel. Resolved neither to use violence to the natives, nor to permit his companions (when he had companions) to do so, the suspicion of the natives was soon disarmed; his reputation spread among them as that of a white man who sought not to harm them, but rather to do them good: and so, where others would have carried bloodshed, and have been probably themselves murdered, he had a sacred life, which succumbed indeed at last to the deadly climate, but not to any violence of savage man.

The Saviour's rule, "Resist not evil," is in the end the way to overcome. Who teaches like Him?

AFTER.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psa. xxx. 5.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
Silver stars when the day is done.

After the snow, the emerald leaves;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
Quiet woods when the wind goes by.

After the tempest, the lull of waves;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells.

After the bud, the radiant rose;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the furrow, the waking seed.

After the flight, the downy nest;
Beyond the shadowy river—rest.

"I SAY UNTO YOU."

FOURTEEN times are these words used by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount alone, besides their being found in many other parts of the Gospels, always as introductory to some most important charge to the disciples; and yet, as we have met with them from our early childhood, this familiarity causes us to pass by them, as a thing of course, and we do not stop to recognise their originality and moment. Nothing, however, can be more characteristic of the speaker, nor of the peculiar relations he sustains to us, as beings of time, destined for immortality. They enforce his claims to be a divine teacher, the Son of God, to whom the spirit was not given by measure. The prophets of the old dispensation never ventured thus to speak. All their utterances are prefaced with "Thus saith the Lord," and what they make known, whether of prediction, of warning, or reproof, is, confessedly, from a higher source than their own foresight or wisdom. Their voice is but the breath of God; they are agents merely through whom He proclaims His sovereign will. So Moses, greatest of the ancient seers, he with whom the Lord spake face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend, Moses the leader and lawgiver of Israel, was recognised only as a servant in the house, whilst Christ was a Son over his own house, and he was admonished to make all things according as shewed to him on the mount. "As the Lord commanded Moses," is the accustomed formula to the enactments of the law. "I say unto thee," was not in the commission of any of these otherwise greatly trusted messengers. It was the distinguishing mark of him who taught with conscious authority, and whose word was with power. It was uttered with calm dignity, and it came with irresistible force to the open and ingenuous mind.

And well he knew for what great purpose he was sanctified, and sent into the world. He came as the brightness of the Father's glory, and he felt all the majesty, as he doubtless did the full responsibility, of the trust thus reposed in him. Hence we find no sha-

dow of doubt, no semblance of hesitation, in his words; throughout he speaks in a tone that admits of no reply. Cavils are met with quiet firmness, and their evil nature exposed. The multitudes are attracted to him, for there is an irresistible charm in his discourses. They tread one upon another to get near him that they may listen to his gracious words, whilst those the most bitterly opposed to his doctrines and proceedings are baffled by his replies. The minions of the priesthood sent to apprehend him find their errand fruitless, and tremblingly return to their masters with the memorable declaration, "Never man spake like this man." They dared not touch even the hem of his garment, whilst at another memorable time men such as these, at the word, the look of Jesus, go backward, and fall to the ground. Go to the hall of Pilate, and there you see how infinitely superior was he, who stood there, charged as a criminal, to his vacillating judge; "Thou sayest that I am a king, to this end was I born, and for this cause came into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

Whence, then, had this man this wisdom? How came a thing so good out of Nazareth? or how could "this enthusiastic carpenter" set at naught the civil and ecclesiastical power of his day? The stern, inflexible Roman government, the overbearing Jewish hierarchy? We know but of one satisfactory reply to these queries—but, to ourselves, it is, also, decisive. His doctrine was from heaven; he was the anointed and beloved of the Father; and thus was he full of grace and truth. He announced the Father's mind and will, and he gave perfect effect to the announcement, by the miracles he wrought—for we say with Nicodemus, no man could do the miracles Jesus did, unless God were with him.

"I say unto you?" fitly did the words come from the lips of the great master, and with the deepest reverence should we receive them. Not but that we are to distinguish between what was local and of a temporary nature, from that which is of eternal as well as universal obligation; what was imperative on the disciples in their day, and under the

singular circumstances in which they were placed, and what is binding on all who name the name of Christ to the end of the world. "We are not," as it has been wisely said, "To cut a precept *to the quick*," but to look beyond the letter to the spirit, to regard the great principles which underlie all the sayings of the master. Still his words—the words of the Lord Jesus—must be remembered, treasured up in good and honest hearts, as evidencing the justness of his demands on our obedience and love. They furnish the most powerful motives to holiness of life, whilst they are directories to us amidst the perplexities and snares of our earthly pilgrimage. "I say unto you," I speak to you vested with authority from the Father; I am your appointer, forerunner, and guide; I have eternal life at my disposal. "If a man love me, he will keep my words," and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

A CHRISTIAN AND A MONGOLIAN.

AN early number of the *Chinese Recorder and Missionary Herald* contains the following significant "conversation" between "a Christian" and a "Mongolian Lama." It is a little singular that such a "conversation" should be admitted into an "evangelical" magazine.

L. In reality how many Jesuses are there?

Ch. One.

L. One? Why you go north and Jesus is with you; your companion here goes south and Jesus is with him; you say Jesus is in Peking, in your native country, in fact everywhere; how many then are there of this Jesus of yours?

Ch. One. Only one. No more.

L. How in the world can that be? Can one person be everywhere?

Ch. One MAN could not; but *Jesus* can be everywhere, and still be only one.

L. How CAN that be?

Ch. Ha!—that I can't explain. I do not know how it can be. I only believe that it is; how it is I do not know.

L. Now then, God makes all these souls (your Christianity says), these souls that go to hell;—these souls which He knows beforehand will go to hell; how then in the face of all this can you make out that God is good?

Ch. You have asked a question that is often discussed in Christian lands, and the only answer I can give is, that I cannot make it out at all. I believe and know that God is good; but I cannot explain how goodness is consistent with creating souls who are known beforehand to be about to go to nothing but misery. From the Bible I know that God is good; but I do not know how to reconcile goodness with—as you say—creating souls that have nothing but misery before them—I do not know.

L. How does God regard those souls who go to suffering? Does it make Him uneasy? Does it cause Him grief?

Ch. He dislikes it decidedly, and grieves over them.

L. Then God is not perfectly happy?

Ch. Yes He is.

L. How can that be, when He has grief?

Ch. I do not know. The Bible does not explain that.

L. Suppose some of your own friends go to hell, and you go to heaven, would you know of it?

Ch. Yes.

L. And could you know of it without grief?

Ch. No.

L. And so you would not be perfectly happy in heaven?

Ch. Yes, I should be quite happy in heaven.

L. How can that be?

Ch. How it can be I do not know.

A CURE FOR HERESY.—The following story is current in some provincial papers: Recently, Mr. Disraeli, the Prime Minister, was asked how clergymen dangerous to the Church should be disposed of. "Make ecclesiastical dignitaries of them," was his reply. "Bishops, if possible. Look," said he, "at Bishop Temple. When he was plain Dr. Temple he was a model of heterodoxy. Now that he is Bishop Temple, there is no more harmlessly orthodox man in the Church." But how about Colenso?

A TALE OF CITY LIFE IN HARD TIMES.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

"Why should'st thou feel to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow.

My heart!

One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee too
Thy part."

—*Paul Fleming*, 1600.

"Fearest sometimes that thy Father,
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not!
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken.
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears."

—*S. D. Carter*.

"How cold it is, mother! Can we
not have a fire?"

"No, dear, we have no coal."

"Can you not buy some?"

"No, no, my child, mother has no
money."

"Did not father know the fire was
out?"

"Yes, but he had a great deal
upon his mind when he hurried away
this morning to business; perhaps he
forgot it."

There was silence for a few minutes
while the mother put away the few
dishes that had served their morning
meal, and then Bessie spoke again:—

"Mother, does God ever forget?"

"No, my darling. He loves us
with a tenderer love than even a
mother, and you know how much
mother loves you."

"Then why cannot He send us bread
and coal?"

"He will send us just what is best
for us. The Bible says, 'We know
that all things work together for good
to those that love Him;' and again it
says, 'Trust in the Lord and do good,
so shalt thou dwell in the land, and
verily thou shalt be fed.'"

"Mother, we do love God, don't
we? but I don't see how we can do
any good."

"Oh, yes, we can all do good if we
are ever so poor. You do good to
mother when you are cheerful and
obedient, and when you love one
another. Yes, indeed, my dear, little
helps do a good deal of good to mother.

Who wiped the dishes yesterday, and
who amused the baby, and then got him
to sleep, and who are always ready to
run errands for mother?"

"Oh, mother, that is nothing; of
course we want to help you all we
can."

"If you do even a little thing from a
right motive, God accepts it as a service
done for Him."

"What do you mean by a right
motive, mamma?"

"I mean the reason why we do any-
thing. God does not ask so much what
we do, as why we do it. For example,
a man may help the poor because he
loves God, and remembers that God
tells us to be kind to the poor, and that
the Saviour has said, 'Inasmuch as ye
have done it to one of the least of these
ye have done it unto me.' This is a
right motive, and therefore a good act.
Another man may give to the poor
also, not because he cares for the poor,
but because he wants people to think
he is a generous man. This is a bad
motive. It is not loving God or the
poor, but loving himself, and being
selfish. His money may help the poor
just as much as the other man's, yet
it was a bad act, because he did it not
for God or the poor, but for his own
sake."

"When we help you, mamma, it is
to please you."

"That is a good motive, because God
loves to see you honour and help your
parents, but it would be still better if
you did it to please God. He loves you
even more than I do, and you know how
dearly I love you."

"It does not seem as if He loved us
so much, or He would give us good
things to eat, and fire to warm us, and
why did He take away our dear little
sisters?"

"Ah, my children, you do not know
how much God loves us. 'He doth
not afflict willingly but for our profit,'
and 'Through much tribulation ye shall
enter the kingdom of Heaven,' or as the
poet beautifully renders it,—

"The path of sorrow, and that alone,
Oft leads to lands where sorrow is un-
known."

Be sure God has not forsaken us. He
will give us all that is good for us here,

and if we love and serve Him, by and by we shall be warmed and cheered in the light of His presence; and we may feed on the fruit of the trees that grow by 'the river of the water of life.' There will be no more sorrow nor crying, for all tears will be wiped from all eyes. Now the room is quite neat and clean. Get the Testaments, Johnnie, and let us read. Bessie, wrap my large shawl around you and sit close to the chimney. There is still some heat in it."

After reading a few verses, the mother offered up a fervent prayer to the ever loving and watchful Being who is always more ready to hear than we are to ask. Just then a loud knock was heard at the front basement door; and there was their good old friend Mrs. Lee, with a basketful of food and a sunny face that cheered the whole household.

"Here, in addition," she said, "are both apples and pears, your children may like them stewed."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Bentley.

And then they began to talk of business matters. Mrs. Lee engaged employment for the coming week. And when their father came home that night with words of love and good cheer, and told them that business seemed to be brightening, they all united in a fervent and heartfelt thanksgiving to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." Truly, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

A FACTORY SONG.

BRIGHTLY, brightly shines the skein,
Golden yellow, smooth and soft;
But the slender silken thread,
Winding, see! is broken oft.
Well, no matter, find the end,
A little knot soon makes a mend;
But watch the knotty place with care,
'Tis apt to break again just there.

Like the silk our tempers seem,
Smooth and even till they're tried!
But oft we see the thread of peace
Broke short by roughness and by pride.
Well, now quickly join the ends;
Forgive! forget! shake hands! be friends!
But watch the knotty place with care,
Lest it should break again just there.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S STRUGGLE IN LONDON.

JOAQUIN MILLER tells an interviewer an interesting story regarding his struggle for recognition in London. When he arrived there he got lodgings in an attic and began writing little squibs, and sending them to the papers. "But they never published anything, and I never got an answer."

"Well, I tugged along, not altogether hopelessly, and began arranging my poems suitable for publication in book form, and to seek for a publisher. I worked hard all the forenoon and in the afternoon walked against fate for a publisher, but always got beaten. Then at night I would come home with a heart so heavy and so utterly desolate that I was sure I could never look up again. Time after time I have stood before the melancholy old fire-place with my poems in my hand ready to fling them into the flames, and the resolve in my heart to fling myself over a bridge and make a hole in the Thames. But I was generally too tired to make the effort to do either, and would go to bed, have a good rest, get up in the morning refreshed and hopeful, only to go over the same old discouraging round again. I became terribly pushed for money, and had to pawn my watch and rings. I sent to my brother, got help, but never could get a publisher. No hope came. I resolved to see the poems in type, and issued fifty copies under the title of the 'Pacific Poems,' issued from the Chiswick Press on New Year's Eve of '73. Then I sent a copy to the leading newspapers and reviews, and—well, I locked the poems and the criticisms in my leather bag, and received the publishers as courteously as I knew how! I had got fame, and, thanks to nobody, I have had my price for work ever since. Then the Savage Club took me up. I met noble Tom Hood, who gave me a letter to Fred. Lockyer, brother-in-law of Dean Stanley, and he made me at home in London. Everybody seemed to want to take me by the hand that would have thrown me aside a month before, and lead me higher. From the Savage I was sent to the Whitefriars;

from that to St. Albans; from that to the Garrick; then to the Pre-Raphaelites; then to the Athenæum, and was made an honorary member of all. Then the 'Songs of the Sierras' was issued by Longmans and Co., and everything seemed in a dizzy whirl."

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

OUR Unitarian ministrations are not unfrequently charged with high-sounding phraseology instead of that simplicity of language which ought to set off our simple faith. In a recent volume a story is told of an illiterate soldier at the chapel of Lord Morpeth's castle in Ireland, which it may be well for those preachers to consider who think more of fine words than they do of reaching the hearts of their hearers. Whenever Archbishop Whately came to preach, this rough private was always in his place, with mouth and eyes open. Some of the gentlemen playfully took him to task for it, supposing it was due to the usual vulgar admiration of a celebrity. But the man had a better reason: "That isn't it at all. The Archbishop is easy to understand. There are no fine words in him. A fellow like me, now, can follow along and take every bit of it in."

There is a wise suggestion in this anecdote, and it deserves, as remarked, careful reflection from those preachers who ransack the dictionary for words of "learned length and thundering sound." Simplicity and directness in preaching are always acceptable even to the most highly cultivated, and always welcomed by those who are hungry for the bread of life. And the preacher should remember that he is not on exhibition when in the pulpit, that he is not there to show how much he knows; but is there to instruct, to point the way to life and peace and safety, to warn and awaken the sinner, to strengthen the tempted, to comfort the afflicted and sorrowing. And earnestness of purpose, which expresses itself in language that a child may understand, is the truest eloquence, and the surest way of teaching and gaining the heart of all alike, the educated and the ignorant, the saint and the sinner.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS CHILD.

A SOUND came booming through the air—
"What is that sound?" quoth I,
My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,
Made answer, presently;

"Papa, you know it very well—
That sound—it was St. Pancras Bell."

"My own Louise, put down the cat,
And come and stand by me;
I'm sad to hear you talk like that,
Where's your philosophy?
That sound—attend to what I tell—
That sound was *not* Saint Pancras Bell."

"Sound is the name the sage selects
For the concluding term
Of a long series of effects
Of which that bell 's the germ.
The following brief analysis
Shows the interpolations, Miss."

"The blow which when the clapper slips,
Falls on your friend the Bell,
Changes its circle to ellipse
(A word you'd better spell)
But then comes elasticity,
Restoring what it used to be."

"Nay, making it a little more,
The circle shifts about
As much as it shrunk in before
The Bell, you see, swells out;
And so a new ellipse is made,
(You're not attending, I'm afraid.)"

"This change of form disturbs the air,
Which in its turn behaves
In like elastic fashion there,
Creating waves on waves;
Which press each other onward, dear,
Until the outmost finds your ear."

"Within that ear the surgeons find
A *tympanum*, or drum,
Which has a little bone behind,—
Malleus, it's called by some;
But those not proud of Latin grammar
Humbly translate it as *the hammer*."

"The wave's vibrations this transmits
On to the *incus* bone;
(*Incus* means anvil, which it hits),
And this transfers the tone
To the small *os orbiculare*,
The tiniest bone that people carry."

"The *stapes* next—the name recalls
A stirrup's form, my daughter—
Joins three half-circular canals,
Each filled with limpid water;
Their curious lining, you'll observe,
Made of the auditory nerve."

"This vibrates next, and then we find
The mystic work is crowned;
For then my daughter's gentle mind
First recognises sound.
See what a host of causes swell
To make up what you call the Bell."

"Awhile she paused, my bright Louise,
And pondered on the case;
Then, settling that he meant to tease,
She slapped her father's face.
'You bad old man, to sit and tell
Such gibbery-gosh about a Bell.'"

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE gives the following account of its origin:—I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning, as I was strolling along amid some delightful scenery, my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a beautiful girl, who was carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with such sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. I accosted her, and after a few moments' conversation I asked for the name of the song, which she could not give me, but having a slight knowledge of music myself, barely enough for the purpose, I requested her to repeat the air, which she did, while I dotted down the air as best I could. It was this air that suggested the words of "Home, Sweet Home," both of which I sent to Bishop. He happened to know the air perfectly well, and adapted the music to the words. As originally written, the song was:—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow
us there,

(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other)

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er
met with elsewhere.

There's a spell in the shade

Where our infancy played,

Even stronger than time and more deep
than despair.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in
vain!

Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
again!

The birds and the lambkins that came at
my call—

Those who named me with pride—

Those who played by my side—

Give me them, with the innocence dearer
than all!

The joys of the palaces through which I
roam

Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no
place like home."

THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

CHRISTIANS of different denominations vary materially in their notions of the precise object for which Christ came into the world. Our Saviour, himself, states the object of his mission in the following explicit language: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."—John xviii. 37.

A moment's attention to this passage will correct the prevailing error, that Christ came to change the Divine purpose, or the principles of God's government. His object was simply to reveal what had been unknown, and bear witness to the truth, as it was in the beginning, and ever shall be. For illustration, take one or two points of doctrine that he taught. God is good. This is true now, and it was as true ages ago. To this truth the Saviour bore his testimony, not that it might be any more true, nor to make God any better, but that man, who had been ignorant, might know and rejoice in the truth. Again, it is true that God purposes to raise the human family from death, and crown them with the life immortal. This also was true from the beginning. When man was created, and before God had pronounced upon him His first benediction, it was His fixed and immutable purpose that he should rise from the dead. But man was ignorant of this purpose, and it was the business of Christ to reveal and bear witness to the truth. For this object he suffered and died, and rose again from the dead, not that he might make the doctrine of the resurrection true, but that he might make it known. The general opinion, that Jesus came to alter the purpose of God in regard to the ultimate destiny of man, and that, but for his mission, the whole human family would have been endlessly damned, must therefore be a mistake. It was always true, and God, in His own wise counsels, purposed from the foundation of the world that man should be raised to immortal life and fadeless felicity. Upon this truth, this immutable purpose of God, the mission of Christ had no effect to render it null, or to make it more sure and

steadfast. It was his province to reveal that eternal purpose which had been hidden from the ages of eternity, and give man that strong consolation which flows from a hope that is as an anchor of the soul.

CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

THE simple story of her life is as noble in its way as the exalted history of Herschel's. From her earliest childhood she adored her brother William, and on the mere suggestion that she might be sent to England to remain two years with him, if only she could be spared from her duties at home, she set about knitting for her mother and brother "as many cotton stockings as would last two years at least," and making "prospective clothes for them." At last she went to Bath and became a successful singer in the oratorios conducted by her brother, copying music for him, "lending a hand" in the workshop, in the observatory, anywhere where she could be of use, but always with the profoundest humility of spirit. "I was a mere tool which he had the trouble of sharpening." But the tool had the true temper. She acquired a knowledge of the astronomical calculation, she assisted in the manufacture of specula, and was Herschel's constant companion in the severe labours of observation which he undertook. When he was away from home she computed for him all day, and minded the heavens for him at night, discovering independently no less than *eight* comets, *five* of which were first seen by her, and many nebulae. Best of all, though least conspicuous, she introduced the greatest order in the record of his nightly work, copying and re-copying, computing and re-computing, verifying and checking everything, so that the value of that labour is immensely enhanced. Her devotion in everything was complete: after a severe accident to herself, while assisting her brother at the telescope, she speaks of the "comfort" she had in knowing that "my brother was no loser for the remainder of the night was cloudy." Again, in her diary:—"Jan. 1, 1815. *Mem.* The winter was uncommonly

severe. My brother suffered from indisposition, and I, for my part, felt I should never be anything else but an invalid for life; but this I very carefully keep to myself, as I wished to be useful to my brother as long as I possibly could." In 1819, a little note of Sir William's is endorsed in her tremulous handwriting: "I keep this as a relic! Every line, *now* traced by the hand of my dear brother, becomes a treasure to me." She kept a commonplace book, in which she wrote out in full the answers her brother gave her at breakfast, or in his few leisure moments, to her questions as to the mathematical formulæ she was to use in her computations, and the like. After her discoveries of comets, the publication of two of her works by the Royal Society, and the praise and recognition of her labours by astronomers all over Europe, she still writes, "I had the comfort to see that my brother was satisfied with my endeavour in assisting him."

OUR BABY.

BY EVA J. STICKNEY.

At rest! Oh blissful thought!

At rest from pain and care,
In that bright home where sin comes not,
And where with peace the air is fraught,
Rest sweetly, darling, there.

We may not break the sleep

That seals her eyelids now;
In vain the burning tears we weep,
Our fond caressing could not keep
The death-damp from her brow.

Short was the path she trod,

And fair with love's sweet flowers;
She rests within the arms of God,
While sleeps beneath the quiet sod
The form we once called ours.

O Thou in whom we move,

Whose ways are always well,
We yield this treasure of Thy love,
O take her to Thy home above
With Thee fore'er to dwell.

One thought our tears will stay,

One thought will calm our woe,
The sorrow that we feel to-day,
The trials that beset our way,
Our baby ne'er will know.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A CHURCH NAVE.—One day, when Mrs. Partington heard her minister say there would be a nave in the new church, she observed that "she knew who the man was!"

SHALLOW.—John Wesley used to say, "Oh, how hard it is to be shallow enough for a genteel congregation!" But some clergymen have no difficulties of that kind now.

FINDING BREAD.—A lazy fellow once declared, in a public company, that he could not find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious man; "I'm obliged to work for it."

CICERO.—The Roman Pagans petitioned the Senate to condemn the works of Cicero to the flames, as they predisposed the minds of those who read them to embrace the Christian faith. — *Dugald Stewart.*

YEARS AGO.—While Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were in custody at Oxford, in 1554, their dinner on October 1st cost the State two shillings and sixpence. They had oysters, bread and ale, butter, eggs, lyng, a piece of fresh salmon, wine, cheese, and pears. Such a dinner in these times would cost something more than half a crown.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.—The Duke of Argyll tells of leaving King's Cross one night with another passenger in the same compartment of a first-class carriage, and his fellow-passenger appeared dreadfully frightened that the Duke was intent upon mischief, till he relieved his fears. But the best thing we have seen of this, judging by appearances, is told by Webster, the American Senator, when on his way to his duties at Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no travelling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon-look which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the Senator. "I endeavoured to tranquillise myself," said Webster, "and had partly succeeded, when we reached the dark woods, between Bladensburg and Washington—a proper scene for murder or outrage—and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver turned to me, and, with a gruff voice, inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?' said he. The reply was, 'To Washington. I am a Senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand, and exclaimed, 'How glad I am! I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour, for when I looked at you I took you to be a highwayman.'"

MACAULAY AND THE GERMANS.—We find the following passage in Macaulay's Life:—"I intend to learn German, for I feel a sort of presentiment, a kind of admonition of the Deity, which assures me that the final cause of my existence—the end for which I was sent into this vale of tears, was to make game of certain Germans."

PENANCE.—One of our friends writes: "A little boy (who is a relation), four years old, said he would like to go to the Catholic chapel, near Ormskirk. His mother said if he was not still the priest would make him do penance. 'What is doing penance?' 'Why, standing on one leg for half an hour.' 'Why,' said the little boy, 'one of our ducks has been doing penance. It has been standing on one leg for an hour!'"

A HORSE IN THE PULPIT.—A clergyman who had quite a fondness for a horse, having purchased one, was sometime after asked by the person of whom he bought him how he liked him. He replied that he was a good horse, a very good one; but that he had one fault, a serious fault; and that was, that *he would get into the pulpit.* And we understand the horse was sold that the minister might be able to conduct his service without his thoughts being turned to his fine horse. A wise minister.

SERENITY OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.—An English lady observed an aged German peasant stooping in his little patch of ground, all his earthly possession, to pick the pears which fell from its one tree, and said to him: "You must grow weary in such labour at your time of life, so bent and burdened with infirmity." His reply was a delightful illustration of the serenity which true faith induces, for he said: "No, madam, I have been in my time God's *working* servant; He has promoted me to be His *waiting* servant. One of these days, when I fall, as these pears are falling, He *will pick me up.*"

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